

THE WESTON DEMOCRAT.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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No. 2.

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I have a nice cigar and one plug of chewing tobacco. If you want LUNCH I keep a piece of cheese, a few crackers and one can of oysters and a glass of Refman's best Lager Beer.
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Miss Bilberry's Apprentice.

"Do walk in, Mr. Primrose, do walk in," said Miss Bilberry, her withered face breaking into smiles.

"Well, now, if this isn't providential! I was just telling Letty, my youngest apprentice, about your delectable sermon last Sunday night. I declare, it made me feel as if I had a pair of wings and wanted to fly. And says Letty, says she: 'How I should like to hear that gifted divine!' And says I: 'So you shall, child, the next Sunday evening as ever comes around!' For she's but a giddy thing, Letty is, and dreadful inclined to the pomps and vanities of this sinful world, and—but here you are standing, all this while, and me chattering on as if my tongue were a mill-wheel! Do pray be seated, Mr. Primrose! I am so glad to see you! It is such a blessed privilege to have you a sitting down under the shadow of my humble roof!"

And Miss Bilberry showed her double row of false teeth like an amiable shark, as she dragged the big cushioned easy-chair into the middle of the room, and jerked up both the window shades, to admit more light.

"Run, Letty, and cut a slice of the pound cake, and ask Matilda for a glass of wine," said Miss Bilberry, in a stage whisper; and a slender, pretty young girl, who was trimming a hat with marabout feathers in the back room, made haste to obey.

"I beg, Miss Bilberry, that you will not send for anything on my account," said the Rev. Paul Primrose, coloring and embarrassed.

Miss Bilberry clasped her bony hands enthusiastically. "Oh, it ain't no trouble," said she. "And I do so want to ask you about that passage in your sermon last Sunday morning? I always make a little abstract of your discourses for my apprentices and make 'em write them down. They are so improving!"

The young clergyman listened with evident admiration to this pious sister's edifying remarks.

"Line upon line," he said mildly, "precept upon precept. I wish there were more like you, Miss Bilberry."

"It ain't nothing more than my duty," said the middle-aged milliner, pursing up her thin lips. "We're all poor, sinful creatures—let us do the best we can. But here comes Letty with the cake and wine."

And as the young minister glanced up he caught a glimpse of a rosebud face, with brown hair curling in tiny tendrils around the temples, deep hazel eyes shadowed by long fringed lashes, and a figure as slight as a young birch tree. Letty Leigh sprang timidly into the background once more as soon as Mrs. Bilberry relieved her of the tray; but the Rev. Paul Primrose was somehow left with an impression that the milliner's youngest apprentice had a very winsome face.

The wine was some abominable home-made decoction of over-ripe elderberries; the cake was marbled through with heavy streaks, but the clergyman ate and drank, to save Miss Bilberry's feelings, while she discoursed in a high-pitched and somewhat nasal voice of knotty theological points, and made long quotations from Mr. Primrose's last sermons.

"Really," thought the clergyman, as he went away, "that Miss Bilberry is a most sensible and well-informed woman!"

"He's young," thought the milliner to herself, as she arranged the ribbons in the show window; "and his salary ain't much. But I'm rich, and tired of this bonnet-trimming business; and I've always thought that I should like to be a minister's wife."

From which soliloquy it may be seen that Miss Bilberry was playing spider to the Rev. Primrose's situation.

The two apprentices, Clara Linwood and Letty Leigh, were just putting aside their thimbles and needles late on Saturday night, when Miss Bilberry bustled in.

"Here's a streak of luck, girls," cried she, with a radiant face. "Lawyer Downs' wife isn't satisfied with the bonnet that Madame Stratelli has sent her from New York; and she wants 'em all taken to pieces and trimmed over. Black velvet for her, with pally berries and green leaves dusted with gold; white terry for the young ladies, with double-faced velvet ribbon, and wreaths of Marguerites. Quick, light the big lamp, and get to work at once!"

"But it's after nine o'clock," remonstrated poor Letty, in amazement, "and Saturday night at that!"

"I can't help that," said Miss Bilberry, sharply. "Mrs. Downs and the two young ladies have got to have their hats to wear to church Sunday morning, or the family custom will go to Mrs. Trimwell's!"

"We cannot finish these before morning," urged Letty, turning over the box of flowers and feathers, with bewildered, troubled fingers.

"If they are sent home any time before nine o'clock," said Miss Bilberry, "it will be time enough."

"But, do you want us to work on Sunday?" cried out Clara.

"Why, of course I do," said Miss Bilberry, sharply. "Not as a general thing, of course. I hope I am as religious in my views as anybody—but this is a clear case of mercy and necessity. Mrs. Downs can't go to church without her white hat, and so you girls have got to trim it!"

Letty Leigh lifted her soft hazel eyes to Miss Bilberry's face. "I am not one who preaches my religion on the housetop, but I have been brought up by a mother who has prayed over me, night and morning."

"All very proper, I am sure," said Mrs. Bilberry, rubbing her hands and displaying her shark-like teeth.

"And," quietly pursued Letty, "I will cheerfully work for you until twelve o'clock to-night, but nothing shall induce me to take a stitch on Sunday morning!"

"Ja-deed!" said Mrs. Bilberry, trembling all over with scarcely repressed indignation. "Do you see that door? Then be so good as to take your things and walk out of it!"

The color rushed to Letty's cheeks.

"Do you mean to dismiss me, Miss Bilberry?" said she, in a faltering voice.

"I do," said Miss Bilberry, nodding her cap-stings in a decided manner.

"Because I decline to break the Sabbath day?"

"Because you are a great deal too pious and fine-feeling for me!" said Miss Bilberry, the tip of her nose growing redder and redder with every second. "Business is business—and Lawyer Downs' wife is a lawyer's wife; and I can't afford to lose her custom for any high-strung notions of yours, Miss Letty Leigh, and so I tell you!"

"But, Miss Bilberry," faltered the girl, "I have no home to go to. I am utterly a stranger in town, except for the keeper of the boarding-house, where I can no longer pay my board."

"That's no business of mine," said Miss Bilberry, acidly. "Clara Linwood's more sensible than you; she decides to stay and obey my orders!"

Poor Clara burst into tears. "I have no choice, Miss Bilberry," said she. "I have a bedridden mother and a consumptive sister to support! It is work or starve, with me!"

And she sat sadly down to the unwelecome task.

"As for you, Letty Leigh," said Miss Bilberry, "don't dare to show your face under my roof again. For if you do—Oh, Mr. Primrose, I beg your pardon, I am sure—I hadn't any idea you was in the store!"

"I have been here waiting your leisure for some time," said the young clergyman, with a curious curl to his lip. "I tapped once or twice upon the counter to attract your attention, from the inner apartment, but your voice was raised to too high a pitch to hear me. I called to ask for my copy of Barnes' Commentaries, which is here. I require its assistance to-night in finishing my sermon."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Miss Bilberry, in an agony of doubt as to whether the Rev. Mr. Primrose had overheard the recent altercation in the work-room. "It's a sweet book, Mr. Primrose—a most refreshing volume, ahem! Won't you be seated?"

"Thank you," said the gentleman, stily.

"I have remained here quite long enough. Pardon me, Miss Leigh—"

"—to Letty, who was hurrying past him, in her dark hat and veil—but I understand that you are out of a situation?"

"Yes," said Letty, faintly.

"My sister needs a seamstress and dressmaker for a few weeks. We shall feel honored if you, will come to us in that capacity. At once, if you please."

"Well, I never!" gasped Miss Bilberry, aside.

"You have done well and nobly," he added, "in resisting temptation to the uttermost."

"He knows all about it!" thought Miss Bilberry, turning pale. "And my chances in that direction aren't worth a row of pins!"

And as for that older and more experienced person who has thus placed this temptation in your way," sternly added the clergyman, turning to Miss Bilberry, "I can only leave her to the reproaches of her own conscience."

And courteously offering his arm to Letty, he led her out of the store.

"He'll marry her in less than three months, I'll bet a corky!" cried Miss Bilberry. "The forward, scheming little puss!"

Miss Bilberry's prophecy proved

correct. The Rev. Mr. Primrose had not the least idea, when he conducted Letty Leigh out of the millinery store that Saturday night that he was offering his arm to his future wife. But love is stronger than life itself; and at the end of six weeks, when Letty had finished Miss Primrose's dresses, and was going to a new place, the minister asked her to "stay."

"But there are no more dresses to make," said Letty, with a troubled face.

"Suppose you come to try my shirts?" said Mr. Primrose, with a quiet smile. "Oh, Letty, little Letty, haven't you discovered yet that I love you?"

But the wedding bonnet was not made up in Miss Bilberry's establishment. The opposition got the order.

A Mean Trick.

Probably the meanest trick that was ever played on a white man was played last week in New York, and the fact that there is no vigilance committee there is the only reason the perpetrators of the trick are alive. A business man had just purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen of his friends to fit the hat on his head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a country office went to the bar tender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through beer glasses, the wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people, who is always complaining of being sick and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he said he believed he did. The man turned pale and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there, and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home and his wife met him and asked him what was the matter? He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said she should think it had.

"Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man. "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me, and I shall not live."

She told him if any disease that smelled like that had got hold of him and was going to be chronic, she felt as though he would be a burden to himself if he lived very long. She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house and that he was riding in a butcher wagon to the pest house. The wife sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor and the wife held a post-mortem examination of the hat, and found the slice of Limburger.

"Few and short were the prayers they said," they woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said he had not, but that he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and had tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a misdeed some way, and he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of stock. Then the doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat leather and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him he was as well as any man in the city. The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bar tender to tell him which one of these pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat, pinning.

The man who waxes strong every day—the shoemaker.

My Rules for Living.

W. Waybridge in Boston Traveller.

I am no doctor, quack, or pill-vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health in hope that some poor traveller on the up or down hill of life may look at them and perhaps be benefited by them. I have practiced them for many years and they may have done me good; perhaps they may do good to others. They are inexpensive and may be easily abandoned if they cause any harm:

1. Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam; much less a man.

2. Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it is never found within the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there it comes to you.

3. Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any law, with impunity.

4. Keep the feet always warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

5. Eat white bread when you cannot get brown bread.

6. If out of order see which of the above rules you have violated, then rub yourself all over with a towel, saturated with salt water, and well dried and begin upon the rules again.

7. Look over on the bright, which is the side of life. That is far better than a medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or the invalid, if rightly observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and so far as health goes, make it worth the having.

Will you, then, practice them?

A Mother's Love.

Detroit Free Press.

Just before the circus opened yesterday afternoon, a woman accompanied by her son, a boy about sixteen years of age, appeared on the ground and was the first at the ticket wagon. When the window was opened the mother said to the ticket seller:

"If you will be so kind as to let a poor widow woman's Johnny into the circus he will carry water to the elephant."

"Stand back, madame, stand back!" he cried as he took the half-dollar over her head.

She took her boy by the hand and marched to the entrance to the big tent, explaining to the man at the door.

"My Johnny is going to carry hay to the camels."

"You and your Johnny carry yourselves right out of this!" was the very emphatic reply.

"Couldn't we both go in for ten cents if we sit on the ground?"

"No, ma'am! Stand back, now; you are in the way!"

They fell back for consultation. The boy had tears in his eyes, and the mother looked determined.

"Don't cry, Johnny, your dear mother loves you and will get you in," she consolingly remarked, and she led him again to the ticket wagon. Crowding and pushing her way in, she called out:

"This boy's father was a preacher, and you ought to let him in free."

"Stand back, madame, stand back!" was the answer she got.

"Can't you let us in for ten cents?"

"No, no!"

She drew the boy out of the crowd and took a walk around the tent. There was a spot, where the canvas was raised a little, and as they halted there she said:

"Johnny, a mother's love can surmount any obstacle. I'll stand here and you crawl under the tent."

She spread her skirts as far as possible, and the boy made a dive and disappeared. In about ten seconds he reappeared in the shape of a ball, and he didn't stop rolling until he had gone thirty feet. The mother straightened him out, lifted him up, and inquired what had happened.

"I—don't exactly know," said the boy, as he looked at the tent; "but I guess I don't care for any more mother's love. I'll take pink lemonade in place of it."

—Mr. Charles Hamilton's house in Brookfield, Massachusetts, was recently set on fire in a curious manner. A new tin pan, after being washed, was put out in the sun on the south side of the house, and close to the building. The bottom of the pan was slightly pressed in, concealing it, so that the sun's rays were reflected on the clapboards, which, some time after, were discovered on fire, a space several inches in diameter having been burned.

—It is a well established fact that a healthy man requires about a pint of air at a breath; that he breathes about 1,000 times an hour, and that, as a matter beyond dispute, he requires about fifty-seven hogheads of air in twenty-four hours.